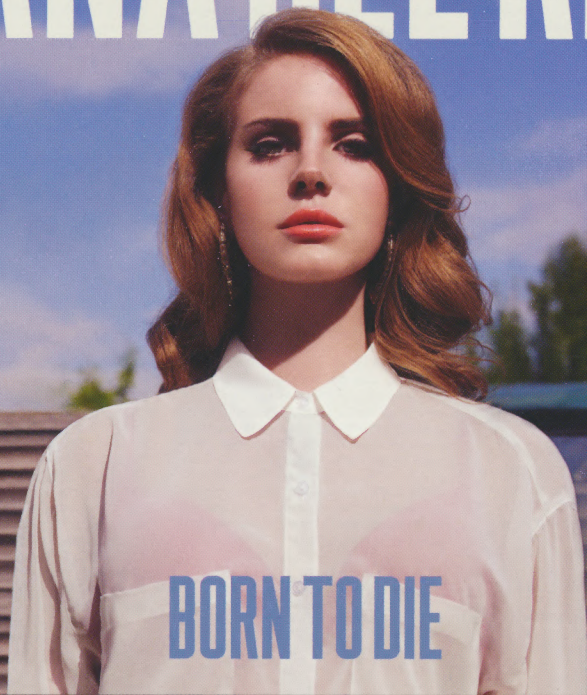


LANA DEL REY



BORN TO DIE

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Album produced by Emile Haynie



BORN TO DIE

.....
Feet don't fail me now
Take me to the finish line
Oh my heart it breaks every step
that I take
But I'm hoping at the gates,
they'll tell me that you're mine
Walking through the city streets
Is it by mistake or design?
I feel so alone on a Friday
night
Can you make it feel like home,
if I tell you you're mine
It's like I told you honey

Don't make me sad, don't make
me cry
Sometimes love is not enough and
the road gets tough
I don't know why
Keep making me laugh, let's go
get high
The road is long, we carry on
Try to have fun in the meantime

Come and take a walk on the
wild side
Let me kiss you hard in the
pouring rain
You like your girls insane
Choose your last words
This is the last time
Cause you and I, we were born
to die

Lost but now I am found
I can see but once I was blind
I was so confused as a little
child
Tried to take what I could get
Scared that I couldn't find
All the answers honey

Don't make me sad, don't make
me cry
Sometimes love is not enough and
the road gets tough
I don't know why.

Keep making me laugh
Let's go get high
Cause you and I, we were born
to die

Come and take a walk on the
wild side
Let me kiss you hard in the
pouring rain
You like your girls insane
Choose your last words, this is
the last time
Cause you and I, we were born
to die

Don't make me sad, don't make
me cry
Sometimes love is not enough and
the road gets tough
I don't know why
Keep making me laugh
Let's go get high
The road is long, we carry on
Try to have fun in the meantime

Come and take a walk on the
wild side
Let me kiss you hard in the
pouring rain
You like your girls insane
Choose your last words
This is the last time
Cause you and I, we were born
to die

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker
Published By: EMI / Sony ATV (ASCAP).
Produced by Emile Haynie. Keyboards and
Drums by Emile Haynie. Strings arranged and
conducted by Larry Gold. Strings assisted by
Steve Tirpak. Guitar by Jeff Bhasker. Vocal
production by Justin Parker. Additional
Vocal Noises by Ken Lewis. Additional
Recording by Brent Kolatalo. Assistant
Mixer: Duncan Fuller. Mixed by Dan Grech
Marguerat for 365 Artists

OFF TO THE RACES

.....
My old man is a bad man, but
I can't deny the way he holds
my hand
And he grabs me, he has me by
my heart

He doesn't mind I have a Las
Vegas past
He doesn't mind I have an LA
crass way about me
He loves me with every beat of
his cocaine heart

Swimming pool glimmering darling
White bikini off with my red nail
polish
Watch me in the swimming pool
Bright blue ripples, you
sittin', sippin' on your black
cristal, yeah

Light of my life, fire of my
loins
Be a good baby, do what I want
Light of my life, fire of my loins
Give me them gold coins, give me
them coins
And I'm off to the races, cases
of Bacardi chasers
Chasin' me all over town 'cause
he knows I'm wasted
Facin' time again on Rikers
Island and I won't get out
Because I'm crazy baby, I need
you to come here and save me
I'm your little scarlet,
starlet, singin' in the garden
Kiss me on my open mouth
Ready for you

My old man is a tough man, but
he got a soul as sweet as blood

red jam
And he shows me, he knows me,
every inch of my tar black soul
He doesn't mind I have a flat,
broke-down life
In fact, he says he thinks it's
what he might like about me,
admires me
The way I roll like a rolling
stone

He likes to watch me in the
glass room, bathroom, Chateau
Marmont
Slippin' on my red dress,
puttin' on my makeup
Glass room, perfume, cognac,
lilac fumes
Says it feels like heaven to him

Light of his life, fire of his
loins
Keep me forever, tell me you
own me
Light of your life, fire of your
loins
Tell me you own me, give me them
coins

And I'm off to the races, cases
of Bacardi chasers
Chasin' me all over town 'cause
he knows I'm wasted
Facin' time again on Rikers
Island and I won't get out
Because I'm crazy baby, I need
you to come here and save me
I'm your little scarlet,
starlet, singin' in the garden
Kiss me on my open mouth
Ready for you

Yo I'm off to the races, laces
Leather on my waist is tight and
I am falling down
I can see your face is shameless
Cipriani's basement, love you
but I'm going down
God I'm so crazy baby, I'm sorry
that I'm misbehaving
I'm your little harlot, starlet,
queen of Coney Island
Raisin' hell all over town
Sorry 'bout it

My old man is a thief and I'm
gonna stay and pray with him
till the end
But I trust in the decision of
the Lord to watch over us
Take him when he may, if he may
I'm not afraid to say that I'd
die without him
Who else is gonna put up with me
this way?
I need you, I breathe you, I'd
never leave you
They would rue the day I was
alone without you

You're lyin' with your gold
chain on
Cigar hangin' from your lips
I said, "Hun, you never looked
so beautiful as you do now, my
man".
And we're off to the races,
places
Ready, set, the gate is down and
now we're going in
To Las Vegas, chaos, casino
oasis
Honey it's time to spin
Boy you're so crazy baby
I love you forever, not maybe
You are my one true love
You are my one true love

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Tim Larcombe.
Published By: Copyright Control / EMI.
Produced by Patrik Berger and Emile Haynie.
Strings arranged by Carl Bagge. Violin by
Fredrik Syberg. Viola by Erik Holm. Cello
by Pelle Hansen. Guitar, Bass Guitar,
Percussion, Synthesizer, Sampler and Drum
Programming by Patrik Berger. Drums and
Additional Keyboards by Emile Haynie. Mixed
by Dan Grech Marguerat for 365 Artists.
Assistant Mixer: Duncan Fuller.

BLUE JEANS

.....
Blue jeans, white shirt
Walked into the room you know
you made my eyes burn
It was like, James Dean, for
sure
You're so fresh to death & sick
as cancer
You were sorta punk rock, I grew
up on hip hop
But you fit me better than my
favourite sweater and I know
That love is mean, and love
hurts
But I still remember that day we
met in December, oh baby!

I will love you till the end
of time
I would wait a million years
Promise you'll remember that
you're mine
Baby can you see through the
tears?
Love you more than those bitches
before
Say you'll remember, oh baby,
say you'll remember
I will love you till the end
of time

Big dreams, gangsta
Said you had to leave to start
your life over
I was like - no please, stay
here, we don't need no money we
can make it all work
But he headed out on Sunday,
said he'd come home Monday
I stayed up waitin',
anticipatin' and pacin' but he
was chasing paper
Caught up in the game - that was
the last I heard

I will love you till the end
of time
I would wait a milion years

Promise you'll remember that
you're mine
Baby can you see through the
tears?
Love you more than those
bitches before
Say you'll remember, oh baby,
say you'll remember
I will love you till the end
of time

You went out every night
And baby that's alright
I told you that no matter what
you did I'd be by your side

'Cause imma ride or die
Whether you fail or fly
Well shit at least you tried
But when you walked out that
door a piece of me died
I told you I wanted more, but
that's not what I had in mind
I just want it like before
We were dancin' all night
Then they took you away, stole
you out of my life
You just need to remember...

I will love you till the end
of time
I would wait a million years
Promise you'll remember that
you're mine
Baby can you see through the
tears?
Love you more than those
bitches before
Say you'll remember, oh baby,
say you'll remember
I will love you till the end
of time
.....
Written by Lana Del Rey, Emile Haynie and
Dan Heath. Published By: EMI / Heavycrate
(ASCAP) / Yorkshire Moors/ Songs. Produced
by Emile Haynie. Keyboards, Guitar and
Drums by Emile Haynie. Strings arranged and
Conducted by Dan Heath. Mixed by Dan Grech
Marguerat for 365 Artists. Assistant Mixer:
Duncan Fuller.

VIDEO GAMES

Swinging in the backyard, pull
up in your fast car
Whistling my name

Open up a beer
And you say get over here
And play a video game

I'm in his favorite sundress
Watching me get undressed
Take that body downtown

I say you the bestest
Lean in for a big kiss
Put his favorite perfume on

Go play a video game

It's you, it's you, it's all
for you
Everything I do
I tell you all the time
Heaven is a place on earth
with you
Tell me all the things you
wanna do
I heard that you like the bad
girls honey, is that true?
It's better than I ever even
knew
They say that the world was
built for two
Only worth living if somebody
is loving you
Baby now you do

Singing in the old bars
Swinging with the old stars
Living for the fame
Kissing in the blue dark
Playing pool and wild
darts and video games

He holds me in his big arms
Drunk and I am seeing stars
This is all I think of

Watching all our friends fall in
and out of Old Paul's
This is my idea of fun
Playing video games

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker.
Published By: EMI / Sony ATV (ASCAP).
Produced and Mixed by Robopop.

DIET MOUNTAIN DEW

.....
You're no good for me
Baby you're no good for me
You're no good for me
But baby I want you, I want you

Diet Mountain Dew baby New York
City
Can we hit it now low down and
gritty
Do you think we'll be in love
forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?

Baby put on heart-shaped
sunglasses
Cause we're gonna take a ride
I'm not gonna listen to what
the past says
I been waiting up all night

Take another drag turn me to
ashes
Ready for another lie
Says he's gonna teach me just

What fast is
Say it's gonna be alright
Diet Mountain Dew baby New York
City
Never was there ever a girl so
pretty
Do you think we'll be in love
forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?

Let's take Jesus off the
dashboard
Got enough on his mind
We both know just what we're
here for
Saved too many times

Maybe I like this roller coaster
Maybe it keeps me high
Maybe the speed it brings me
closer
I could sparkle up your eye

Diet Mountain Dew baby New York
City
Never was there ever a girl so
pretty
Do you think we'll be in love
forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?

You're no good for me
Baby you're no good for me
You're no good for me
But baby I want you, I want you

Diet Mountain Dew baby New York
City
Never was there ever a girl so
pretty
Do you think we'll be in love
forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?

Baby stopping at 7eleven
There in his white pontiac
heaven
Do you think we'll be in love
forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?
Diet Mountain Dew baby New York
City.
Never was there ever a girl so

pretty
Do you think we'll be in love
forever?
Do you think we'll be in love?

You're no good for me
Baby you're no good for me
You're no good for me
But baby I want you, I want you

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Mike Daly.
Published By: BMG Chrysalis / EMI.
Produced by Emile Haynie. Co-Produced by
Jeff Bhasker. Vocal Production by Mike Daly.
Drums and Additional Keyboards by Emile
Haynie. Additional Drums by Ken Lewis and
Brent Kolatalo. Keyboards and Guitar by Jeff
Bhasker. Strings arranged and conducted by
Larry Gold. Strings assisted by Steve Tirpak
Mixed by Manny Marroquin. Assisted by Erik
Madrid and Chris Galland.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

.....
Money is the anthem of success
So before we go out, what's
your address?

I'm your national anthem
God, you're so handsome
Take me to the Hamptons
Bugatti veyron

He loves to romance 'em
Reckless abandon
Holdin' me for ransom
Upper echelon

He says to be cool, but I don't
know how yet
Wind in my hair
Hand on the back of my neck
I said, "Can we party later
on?" He said, "Yes".

Tell me I'm your national anthem
Booyah baby bow down making me
say wow now
Tell me I'm your national anthem
Sugar sugar how now take your
body downtown
Red, white, blue is in the sky
Summer's in the air and baby,
heaven's in your eyes
I'm your national anthem

Money is the reason we exist
Everybody knows it, it's a fact
Kiss, kiss
I sing the national anthem while
I'm standin' over your body,
hold you like a python
And you can't keep your hands
off me or your pants on
See what you've done to me
King of chevron

He said to be cool, but I'm
already coolest
I said to get real, don't you
know who you're dealing with?
Umm, do you think you'll buy me
lots of diamonds?
("Yes, of course I will my
darling")

Tell me I'm your national anthem
Booyah baby bow down making me
say wow now
Tell me I'm your national anthem
Sugar sugar how now take your
body downtown
Red, white, blue is in the sky
Summer's in the air and baby,
heaven's in your eyes
I'm your national anthem

It's a love story for the new
age
For the sixth page
We're on a quick, sick rampage
Wining and dining, drinking and
driving
Excessive buying overdose and
dying
On our drugs and our love and
our dreams and our rage
Blurring the lines between real

And the fake
Dark and lonely, I need somebody
to hold me
He will do very well, I can
tell, I can tell
Keep me safe, in his belltower
hotel
Money is the anthem of success
So put on mascara and your
party dress

I'm your national anthem
Boy, put your hands up
Give me a standing ovation

Boy, you have landed
Babe in the land of
Sweetness and sweetness and
danger - queen of Saigon

Tell me I'm your national anthem
Booyah baby bow down making me
say wow now
Tell me I'm your national anthem
Sugar sugar how now take your
body downtown
Red, white, blue is in the sky
Summer's in the air and baby,
heaven's in your eyes
I'm your national anthem

Money is the anthem
Ood, you're so handsome
Money is the anthem, of success

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker
and The Nexus. Published By: EMI / Sony
/ ATV / Sony ATV (ASCAP). Produced by
Emile Haynie. Additional production by Jeff
Bhasker. Vocals produced by The Nexus.
Backing Vocals: James Bauer-Mein, David
Sneddon, Emile Bauer-Mein. Drums and
Keyboards by Emile Haynie. Additional
Keyboards and Guitar by Jeff Bhasker.
Strings arranged and conducted by Larry
Gold and Dan Heath. Strings assisted by
Steve Tirpak. Mixed by Manny Marroquin
Assistant Mixers: Erik Madrid and Chris
Galland.

DARK PARADISE

.....
All my friends tell me I should
move on
I'm lying in the ocean singing
your song
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-
ah-ah-ahhh
That's how you sang it

Loving you forever can't be
wrong
Even though you're not here,
won't move on
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-
ah-ah-ahhh
That's how we played it

And there's no remedy for
memory, your face is like a
melody
It won't leave my head
Your soul is haunting me and
telling me that everything is
fine
But I wish I was dead

Every time I close my eyes,
it's like a dark paradise
No one compares to you
I'm scared that you won't be
waiting on the other side
Every time I close my eyes,
it's like a dark paradise
No one compares to you
I'm scared that you won't be
waiting on the other side

All my friends ask me why I
stay strong
Tell 'em when you find true
love, it lives on
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-
ah-ah-ahhh
That's why I stay here

And there's no remedy for
memory, your face is like a
melody
It won't leave my head
Your soul is haunting me and
telling me that everything is
fine
But I wish I was dead

Every time I close my eyes,
it's like a dark paradise
No one compares to you
I'm scared that you won't be
waiting on the other side
Every time I close my eyes,
it's like a dark paradise
No one compares to you
But there's no you, except in
my dreams tonight

Oh-oh-oh-oh-hah-hah-hah-hah-
I don't want to wake up from
this tonight
Oh-oh-oh-oh-hah-hah-hah-hah-
I don't want to wake up from
this tonight

There's no relief, I see you in
my sleep
And everybody's rushing me, but
I can feel you touching me
There's no release, I feel you
in my dreams
Telling me I'm fine

Every time I close my eyes,
it's like a dark paradise
No one compares to you
I'm scared that you won't be
waiting on the other side
Every time I close my eyes,
it's like a dark paradise
No one compares to you
But there's no you, except in
my dreams tonight

Oh-oh-oh-oh-hah-hah-hah-hah-
I don't want to wake up from
this tonight
Oh-oh-oh-oh-hah-hah-hah-hah-
I don't want to wake up from
this tonight

Written by Lana Del Rey and Rick Novels
Published By: EMI. Produced by Emile Haynie.
Co-Produced by Rick Novels. Drums and
Keyboards by Emile Haynie. Strings arranged
and conducted by Larry Gold. Strings
assisted by Steve Tirpak. Additional Vocals
by Maria Vidal. Chamberlain Strings by
Patrick Warren. Guitar by Rick Novels.
Additional Synths and Orchestral Drums by
Devrim Karagozlu. Pads by Dan Reid.
Mixed by Manny Marroquin. Assistant Mixers:
Erik Madrid and Chris Galland.

RADIO

.....
Not even they can stop me now
Boy I be flying overhead
Their heavy words can't bring
me down
Boy I've been raised from the
dead

No one even knows how hard
life was
I don't even think about it
now, because
I finally found you
Now my life is sweet like
cinnamon
Like a fuckin' dream I'm livin'
in
Baby love me 'cause I'm playing
on the radio
How do you like me now?

Lick me up and take me like a
vitamin
'Cause my body's sweet like
sugar venom
Oh yeah
Baby love me 'cause I'm playing
on the radio
How do you like me now?

American dreams came true
somehow
I swore I'd chase 'em till I
was dead
I heard the streets were paved

with gold
That's what my father said

No one even knows what life
was like
Now I'm in LA and it's paradise
I finally found you

Now my life is sweet like
cinnamon
Like a fuckin' dream I'm livin'
in
Baby love me 'cause I'm playing
on the radio
How do you like me now?

Lick me up and take me like a
vitamin
'Cause my body's sweet like
sugar venom
Oh yeah
Baby love me 'cause I'm playing
on the radio
How do you like me now?

Sweet like cinnamon
Like a fuckin' dream I'm livin'
in
Baby love me 'cause I'm playing
on the radio
How do you like me now?
Sweet like cinnamon
Like a fuckin' dream I'm livin'
in
I finally found you

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker.
Published By: EMI / Sony ATV (ASCAP).
Produced by Emile Haynie. Additional
production by Justin Parker. Keyboards,
Guitar, Pads by Emile Haynie. Strings
arranged and conducted by Larry Gold.
Strings assisted by Steve Tirpak. Mixed by
Dan Grech Marguerat for 365 Artists.
Assistant Mixer: Duncan Fuller.

CARMEN

.....
Darlin', darlin'
Doesn't have a problem
Lyin' to herself
'Cause her liquor's top shelf
It's alarming honestly
How charming she can be
Fooling everyone
Telling them she's having fun

She says, "You don't want to be
like me, don't want to see all
the things I've seen".
I'm dyin', I'm dyin'
She says, "You don't want to
get this way, famous and dumb
at an early age"
Lyin', I'm lyin'

The boys, the girls
They all like Carmen
She gives them butterflies
Bats her cartoon eyes

She laughs like God
Her mind's like a diamond
Audiotune lies
She's still shinin'
Like lightning
White lightning

Carmen, Carmen
Staying up till morning
Only 17, but she walks the
streets so mean
It's alarming truly
How disarming you can be
Batin' soft ice cream
Coney Island queen

She says, "You don't want to
be like me, lookin' for fun,
gettin' high for free"
I'm dyin', I'm dyin'
She says, "You don't want to
get this way, street walk at
night and a star by day"
It's tirin', tirin'

The boys, the girls
They all like Carmen
She gives them butterflies
Bats her cartoon eyes

She laughs like God
Her mind's like a diamond
Audiotune lies
She's still shinin'
Like lightning
White lightning

Baby's all dressed up with
nowhere to go
That's the little story of the
girl you know
Relying on the kindness of
strangers
Tying cherry knots
Smiling, doing party favours
Put your red dress on, put your
lipstick on
Sing your song, song, now the
camera's on,
And you're alive again

The boys, the girls
They all like Carmen
She gives them butterflies
Bats her cartoon eyes

She laughs like God
Her mind's like a diamond
Audiotune lies
She's still shinin'
Like lightning
White lightning.

Darlin', darlin'
Doesn't have a problem
Livin' to herself
'Cause her liquor's top shelf

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Justin Parker.
Published By: EMI / Sony ATV. Produced by
Emile Haynie. Additional production by Jeff
Bhasker, Vocal Production by Justin Parker.
French Vocals by Lenka Labelle. Drums,
Guitar, and Keyboards by Emile Haynie.
Additional Keyboards and Additional Strings
by Jeff Bhasker. Strings arranged and
conducted by Larry Gold. Strings assisted
by Steve Tirpak.

Mixed by Manny Marroquin. Assisted by Eric
Madrid and Chris Galland

MILLION DOLLAR MAN

.....
You said I was the most exotic
flower
Holding me tight in our final
hour
I don't know how you convince
them and get them, boy
I don't know what you do
It's unbelievable
And I don't know how you get
over, get over
Someone as dangerous, tainted
and flawed as you

One for the money
Two for the show
I love you honey
I'm ready, I'm ready to go

How did you get that way?
I don't know
You're screwed up and brilliant
You look like a million dollar
man
So why is my heart broke?

You've got the world
But baby, at what price?
Something so strange
Hard to define

It isn't that hard boy
To like you or love you
I'd follow you down, down, down
You're unbelievable

If you're going crazy
Just grab me and take me
I'd follow you down, down, down
Anywhere, anywhere

One for the money
Two for the show
I love you honey
I'm ready, I'm ready to go

How did you get that way?
I don't know
You're screwed up and brilliant
You look like a million dollar
man
So why is my heart broke?

One for the money
Two for the show
I love you honey
I'm ready, I'm ready to go

How did you get that way?
I don't know
You're screwed up and brilliant
You look like a million-dollar
man
So why is my heart broke?

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Chris Braide.
Published By: EMI / Sony ATV. Produced
by Emile Haynie and Chris Braide. Guitars
Acoustic Piano, Strings and Drum Programming
By Chris Braide. Drums and Additional
Keyboards by Emile Haynie. Mixed by Dan
Grech Marguerat for 365 Artists. Assistant
Mixer: Duncan Fuller.

SUMMERTIME SADNESS

.....
Kiss me hard before you go
Summertime sadness
I just wanted you to know
That baby, you the best

I got my red dress on tonight
Dancin' in the dark in the pale
moonlight
Doin' my hair up real big, beauty
queen style
High heels off, I'm feelin' alive

Oh my God, I feel it in the air
Telephone wires above
Are sizzlin' like a snare
Honey I'm on fire, I feel it
everywhere
Nothin' scares me anymore
(1, 2, 3, 4)

Kiss me hard before you go
Summertime sadness
I just wanted you to know
That baby, you the best

I got that summertime,
summertime sadness
Su-su-summertime, summertime
sadness
Got that summertime, summertime
sadness

.....
I'm feelin' electric tonight
Cruisin' down the coast, goin'
about 99
Got my bad baby by my heavenly
side
I know if I go, I'll die happy
tonight

Oh my God, I feel it in the air
Telephone wires above

Are gizzlin' like a snare
Honey I'm on fire, I feel it
everywhere
Nothin' scares me anymore
(1, 2, 3, 4)

Kiss me hard before you go
Summertime sadness
I just wanted you to know
That baby, you the best

I got that summertime,
summertime sadness
Su-su-summertime, summertime
sadness.
Got that summertime, summertime
sadness

Think I'll miss you forever
Like the stars miss the sun in
the morning sky
Later's better than never
Even if you're gone I'm gonna
drive

I got that summertime,
summertime sadness
Su-su-summertime, summertime
sadness
Got that summertime, summertime
sadness

Kiss me hard before you go
Summertime sadness
I just wanted you to know
That baby, you the best

I got that summertime,
summertime sadness
Su-su-summertime, summertime
sadness
Got that summertime, summertime
sadness

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Rick Nowels.
Published By: EMI. Produced by Emile
Haynie. Co-Produced by Rick Nowels. Drums
and Keyboards by Emile Haynie. Strings
arranged and conducted by Larry Gold.
Strings assisted by Steve Tirpak. Flute by
Dan Heath. Additional Strings, Guitar and
Keyboards by Patrick Warren. Additional
Strings by Rick Nowels. Additional Pads

by Devrim Karaoglu. Mixed by Dan Grech
Marguerat for 365 Artists. Assistant Mixer:
Duncan Fuller

THIS IS WHAT MAKES US GIRLS

.....
Remember how we used to party
up all night
Sneakin' out and lookin' for a
taste of real life
Drinkin' in the small town
firelight
Pabst blue ribbon on ice.

Sweet 16 and we had arrived
Walkin' down the streets as
they whistle, "hi, hi"
Stealin' police guys with the
senior guys
Teachers said we'd never make
it out alive

There she was, my new best
friend
High heels in her hands, swayin'
in the wind
Oh she starts to cry, mascara
running down her little bambi
eyes
Lana how I hate those guys

This is what makes us girls
We all look for heaven and we

put love first
Don't you know we'd die for it?
It's a curse
Don't cry about it, don't cry
about it

This is what makes us girls
We all stick together 'cause we
put love first
Don't cry about him, don't cry
about him
It's all going to happen

And that's where the beginning
of the end began
Everybody knew that we had too
much fun
We were skippin' school and
drinkin' on the job
With the boss

Sweet 16 and we had arrived
Baby's table-dancing at the
local dive
Cheerin' our names in the pink
spotlight
Drinkin' cherry schnapps in the
velvet night

Yeah we used to go break into
the hotel
Pool glimmering we'd swim
Runnin' from the cops in our
black bikini tops
Screamin', "Get us while we're
hot"
We don't give a whaaat?

This is what makes us girls
We all look for heaven and we
put love first
Don't you know we'd die for it?
It's a curse
Don't cry about it, don't cry
about it

This is what makes us girls
We all stick together 'cause we
put love first
Don't cry about him, don't cry
about him
It's all going to happen
The prettiest in-crowd that you
had ever seen

Ribbons in our hair and our
eyes gleamed mean
A freshman generation of
degenerate beauty queens
And you know something?
They were the only friends I
ever had
We got into trouble and when
stuff got bad
I got sent away and was wavin'
on the train platform
Cryin' 'cause I know I'm never
comin' back

This is what makes us girls
We all look for heaven and we
put love first
Don't you know we'd die for it?
It's a curse
Don't cry about it, don't cry
about it

This is what makes us girls
To all the little queens, do
you know what you're worth?
I'll tell you every day till
you get it, girl
It's all going to happen

.....
Written by Lana Del Rey and Tim Larcombe
and Jim Irvin. Published By: EMI / Warner
Chappell. Produced by Al Shux and Emile
Haynie. Vocals produced by Al Shux.
Guitars, Bass, Keyboards and Programming
by Al Shux. Drums, sounds and additional
keyboards: Emile Haynie. Strings Arranged
and Conducted by Larry Gold. Strings
assisted by Steve Tirpak. Mixed by Manny
Marroquin. Assistant Mixers: Erik Madrid
and Chris Galland.

.....
Vocals by Lana Del Rey. Produced by
Emile Haynie. Mastered by John Davis at
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.....
Thank you to my devoted
managers Ben Mawson and Ed
Millett. And to A.G.

.....
Management: mail@hnoe.net





